



THE
LITTLE FOLKS
OF
ANIMAL LAND

HARRY WHITTIER FREES

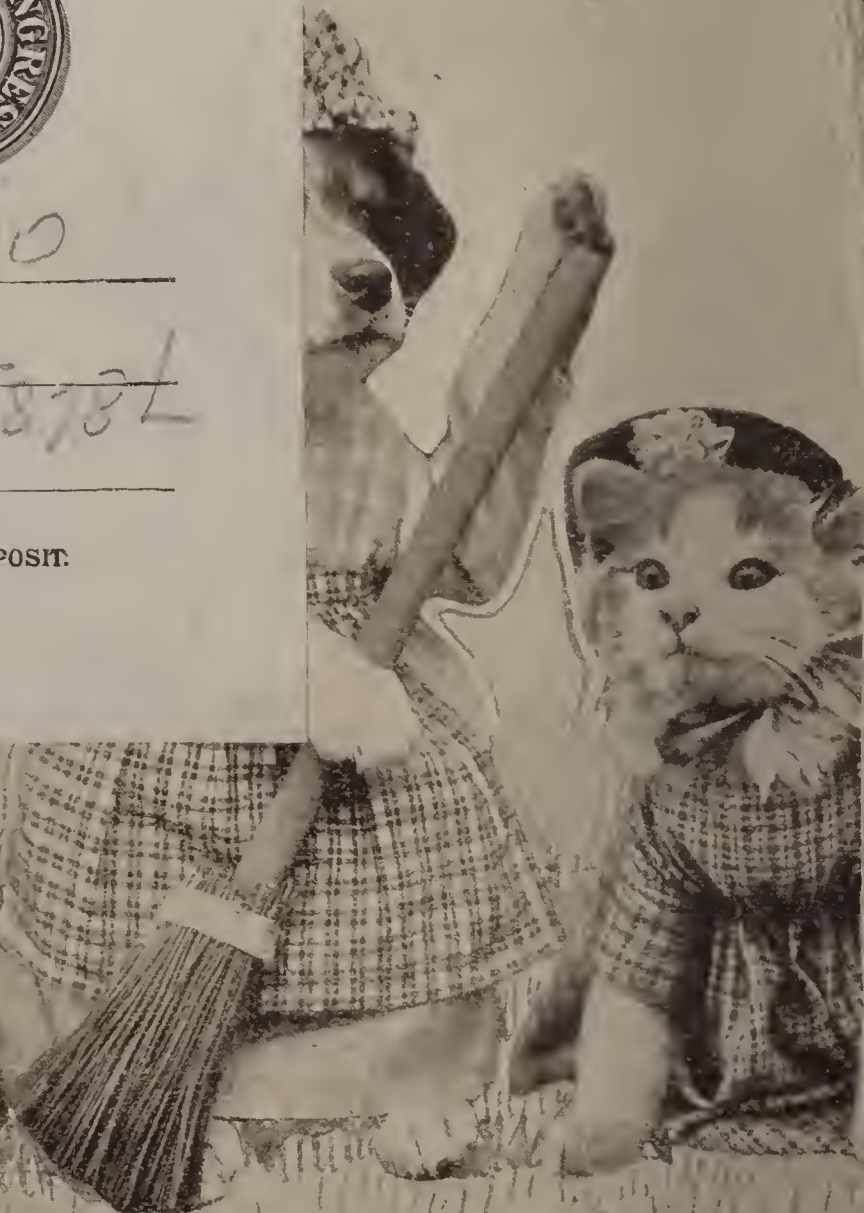


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THE LITTLE FOLKS
OF ANIMAL LAND





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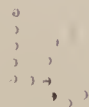
“GOOD MORNING.”

THE LITTLE FOLKS OF ANIMAL LAND

Photographed and Described

BY

HARRY WHITTIER FREES



BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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THE LITTLE FOLKS OF ANIMAL LAND



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no. 1.



INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE series of animal pictures reproduced on the following pages have all been photographed from living animals. The difficulties encountered in posing kittens and puppies for pictures of this kind have been overcome only by the exercise of great patience and invariable kindness. My little models receive no especial training, and after their daily performance before the camera they enjoy nothing better than a frolic about the studio.

My work in the posing of animals has been so highly successful as to give rise to a doubt in some minds that the pictures are genuine. For this reason, I take occasion to give my personal assurance that all pictures appearing in this book are photographed from life.

I sincerely hope that others will derive as much pleasure from the antics of these "Little Folks of Animal Land," as I experienced in picturing and telling about them.

Oaks, Penna.

Harry Whittier Trees





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I

ANGEL CAKE

Mrs. Bufkins Finds Plenty of Eggs

I

ANGEL CAKE

DOGVILLE is quite the nicest suburb of animal Land, and Pussyway Lane is the prettiest street in Dogville.

One cunning little cottage on that sunny street was the home of Mrs. Bufkins, mother of Lily, of Purra and Prowler, the mischievous twins, and little Rosie, the family pet.

Mrs. Bufkins loved flowers, and the front lawn was all abloom, but the backyard was given over to a catnip-patch and a chicken-yard, where she was busy looking for eggs.

It takes the whites of eleven eggs to make angel-cake, but this was the day of Lily's coming-out party, and no expense was spared to make it an affair to be remembered.

Mrs. Bufkins was very blonde, but Lily was the only buff type among her children, and in her lovely daughter she saw herself as she looked in the days when she was known as "Goldie."

She smiled happily as she started for the house with her apron full of eggs.

How many blessings she had to be thankful for!



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MRS. BUTKINS FINDS PLENTY OF EGGS.

II

BARKER

Barker Was Busy in the Kitchen

II

BARKER

BARKER was busy in the kitchen. She had been a cook and general maid in the Bufkins family for many years, so many, in fact, that she sometimes forgot but that she was there before Mrs. Bufkins.

She was putting bread in the oven when Mrs. Bufkins came in with the eggs for the cake.

“ You may beat the eggs now, Barker.”

But Barker only looked thoughtful. “ I was going to say, ma’am, that my sister says I should have my voice trained, and I know a place where I can have the use of the piano and a dollar more a week than I get here.”

Mrs. Bufkins almost dropped the eggs. Nothing Barker asked for surprised her, but she needed help so much this forenoon! And what would the neighbors say? But she couldn’t be left without anybody in the kitchen, to-day of all days.

So she answered, in a tired voice, “ You may use my piano, Barker, and I will think about another dollar.”

Then she sat down and wondered what would happen next.



BARKER WAS BUSY IN THE KITCHEN.

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III

THE TWINS

The Bufkins Twins were Swinging

III

THE TWINS

OUT on the lawn Prowler and Purra were swinging. It was a warm June day and the sun was bright, but the swing hung in the shade of the apple-tree and the twins looked cool and contented.

In the house, Mrs. Bufkins roused herself after a few minutes and walked to the window for a breath of fresh air.

When she spied Purra and Prowler, her face brightened at once, "Deary me," she said to herself, "I had forgotten it was Saturday morning and the children home from school. Never mind about Barker. My twins will help me."

Then she hurried out into the garden and promised Purra and Prowler that she would take them to the Zoo the very next pleasant Saturday, if they would give up their holiday and help make the house ready for Lily's party.

Now it takes real courage to give up your own plans to help your mother, but the twins jumped out of the swing, without a word of complaint, and ran into the house ahead of Mrs. Bufkins.



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THE BUFKINS TWINS WERE SWINGING,

IV

IN THE GARDEN

Prowler and Purra cleaned the Rugs

IV

IN THE GARDEN

“ **T**HE first thing, children, is to open all the windows. Then the rugs must be taken out and beaten.”

So Purra and Prowler cleaned the rugs. Prowler thought he could make them look better for, being a boy, he could beat them harder, but Purra made the dust fly, too, and it was only a little while before this task was finished.

Then Purra asked her brother to run in and find out what was to be done next, but Prowler said it might bother his mother. It would be better to sit in the swing and wait until she came out.

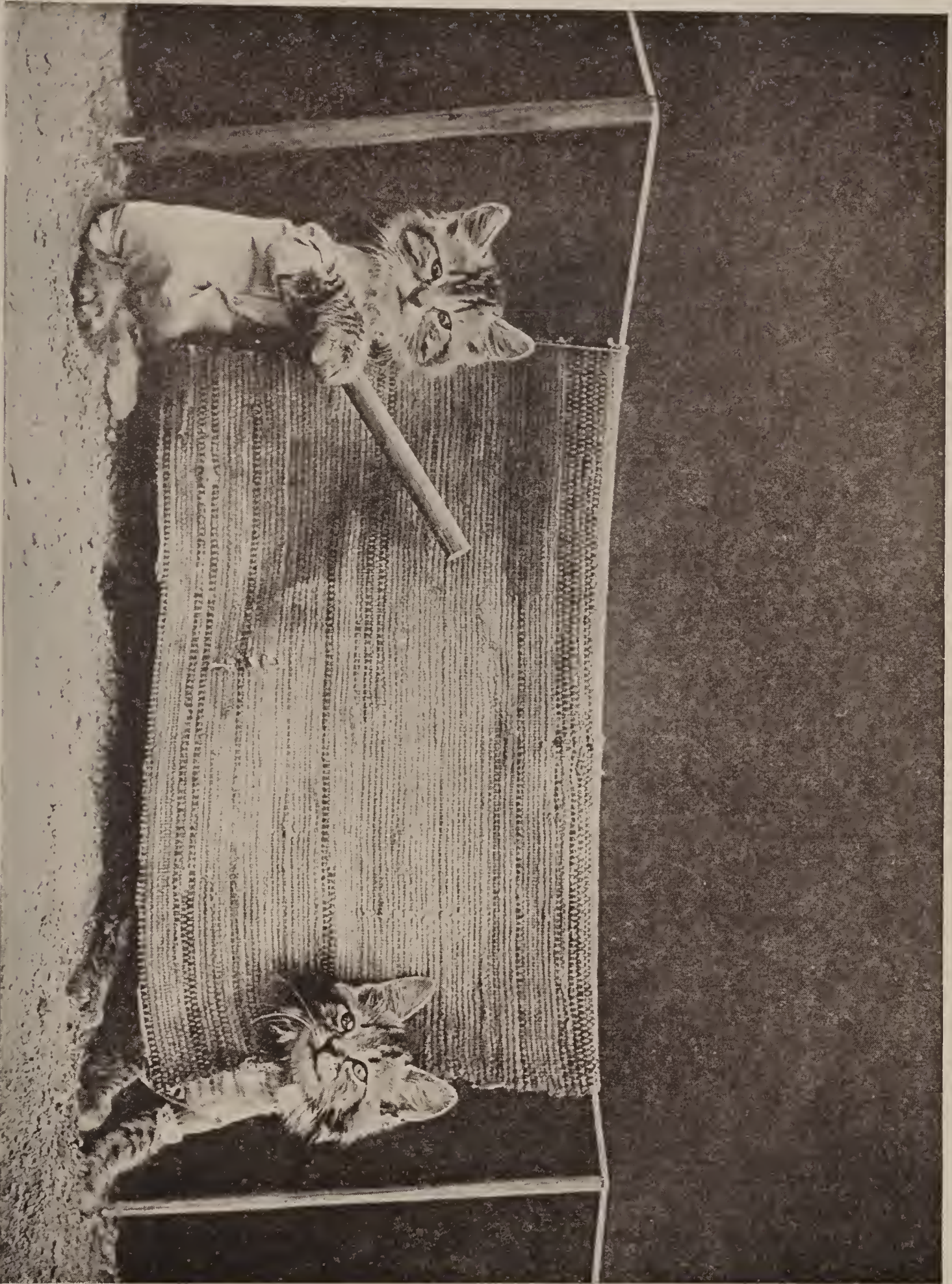
Just as they came to the apple-tree Purra suddenly stopped and listened.

“ What did you think you heard? ” whispered Prowler.

“ A bird,” sighed Purra, “ but it couldn’t have been, could it? ”

“ Of course not,” agreed Prowler. “ I wish I could see one. I love little birdies! ”

“ Well,” Purra answered, thoughtfully, “ I have heard the neighbors say that it was because our father loved them so well that they never fly any more to Pussyway Lane.”



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PROWLER AND PURRA CLEANED THE RUGS.

V

A BUSY HOUR

Mrs. Bufkins takes Barker's Place

V

A BUSY HOUR

IN the kitchen Mrs. Bufkins prepared to take Barker's place and be her own servant for the morning.

Most mothers in Pussyway Lane have to do their own work all the time, but the pension that rewarded the late Colonel Thomas Bufkins' years of active warfare, gave his family many comforts. It always made Mrs. Bufkins both sad and proud when she remembered the notches in his ears. A soldier of fortune, each one had stood for a victory in a different cause.

But she went briskly to work, and in less than an hour, the angel-cake was in the oven and the yolks of the eggs had gone into some delicious cream-puffs.

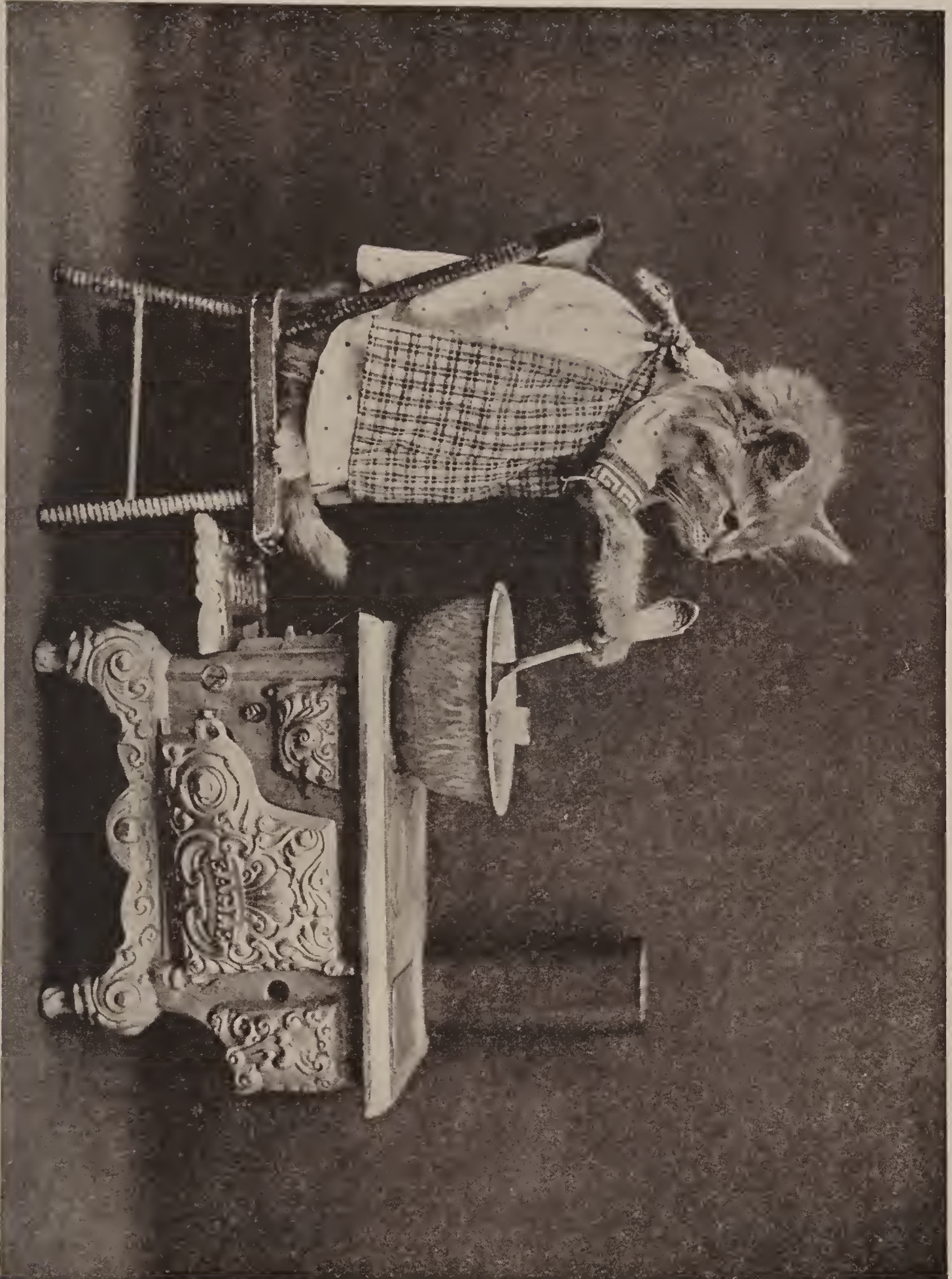
It was not until Mrs. Bufkins was standing over the fire, stirring smooth a chocolate filling, that she began to think how very hot and tired she was getting.

Barker's hour was up, but flats and sharps and naturals were still trying to escape together from the living-room.

"Oh, those high notes make me so dizzy!" moaned Mrs. Bufkins.

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MRS. BUTKINS TAKES BARKER'S PLACE.



VI

HIGH NOTES

Barker Reached High C

VI

HIGH NOTES

BARKER, in a clean checked apron, sat in front of the piano.

She finished a chromatic scale with a flourish, then rose and bowed in the direction of the bookcase, which she pretended was a large audience, begging for an encore.

Next she imagined that she was presented with an armful of roses and, bowing again, went back to the piano.

This time she took a deep breath and from her lips there came a birdlike tone of piercing sweetness. This was the sound that deceived Purra out in the garden. Barker had reached high C.

And just about that time Mrs. Bufkins reached Barker.

“Barker,” she began, nervously, “do you know that you have been practising almost two hours, and it was only an hour you asked for, wasn’t it?”

“Why yes, ma’am.” Barker looked hurt. “But I knew I could reach that high note if I kept on trying, and you don’t like to see anybody give up, do you, ma’am?”

And for the second time that morning Mrs. Bufkins said just what Barker thought she would say.



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BARKER REACHED HIGH C.

VII

PROWLER IN TROUBLE

Prowler upsets the Cocoanut

VII

PROWLER IN TROUBLE

MEANWHILE the Bufkins twins were climbing all the trees in the garden to look for the birds they were sure they heard singing, but there was not a trace of them.

Prowler thought it would be wise if Purra kept watch from the plum-tree while he stole softly up to the veranda to peek in the woodbine.

When he came to the house and found it was only Barker that was causing the excitement, he sat down in disgust. Another tiresome end to a promising beginning.

Then he happened to see the cakes through the pantry window, and he decided to go in for a drink of water.

A pretty bowl stood on the small table. It was white, with a gold rose on it, but it was the contents that looked good to Prowler.

He was just going to see if cocoanut always tasted the same, when he upset the bowl.

But he never had to explain how it happened, for just then his mother came into the kitchen and, before he had time to think, he was undressed, and put to bed up-stairs.

Mrs. Bufkins could not bear anything more.



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PROWLER UPSETS THE COCOANUT.

VIII

THE NIGHTMARE

Purra Plays a Joke on Prowler

VIII

THE NIGHTMARE

PROWLER lay in his little white bed some time before he felt exactly sure just what had taken place.

He could not remember that his mother's judgment had ever been so hasty before. Certainly, things didn't look now as if this were going to be much of a Saturday.

But he wasn't a bit ill-tempered about it, and then, too, it helped some to know that out in the garden Purra was still watching for those birds, so he dropped off to sleep, with a smile on his face.

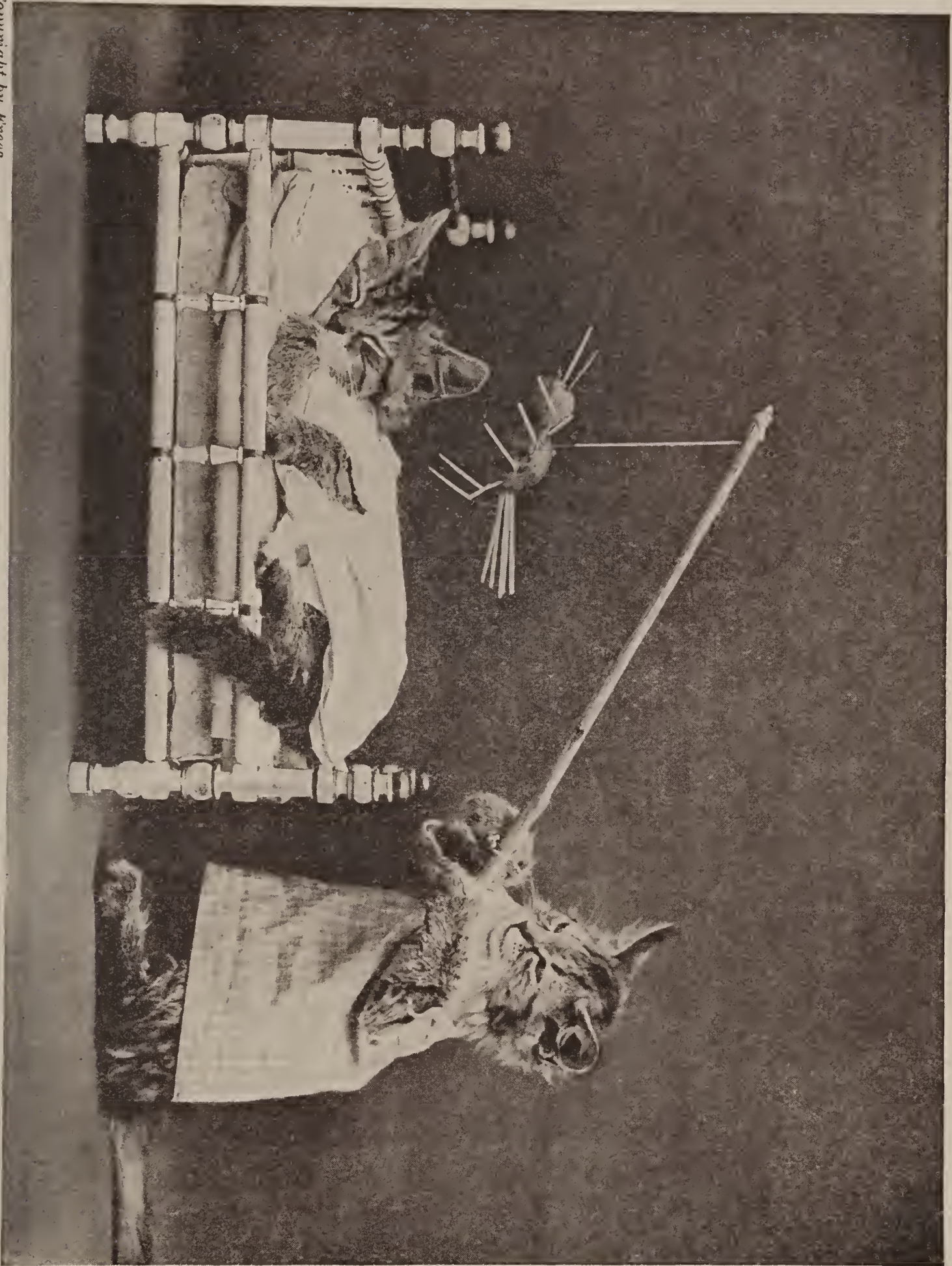
When he looked up next he could not make a sound, for right over his bed Purra was swinging the very biggest bug he had ever seen.

"Purra," he cried out, "drop that horrid thing out of the window! It is too big for us to handle." But Purra only laughed.

Then some one gently stroked his silky head and he heard his mother say, "Did you have a bad dream?"

Prowler rubbed his eyes and looked around the quiet room. He began to feel very foolish.

He had been having the nightmare in the daytime.



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PURRA PLAYS A JOKE ON PROWLER.

IX

A WISDOM TOOTH

Lily Bufkins cuts a Wisdom Tooth

IX

A WISDOM TOOTH

LILY never got up very early, but there were so many things to be done the day of the party that Mrs. Bufkins was surprised when eleven o'clock found Barker still trying to keep the breakfast warm.

Nobody could slice bread as thin as Lily could, and there were dozens of sandwiches to be made, and the cakes must be frosted.

Barker tried her best, as she saw her mistress grow worried and anxious.

At noon Lily came down, and after Mrs. Bufkins got one glimpse of her daughter's swollen cheek and tearful eyes, the other troubles of the morning seemed very small. For Lily Bufkins was cutting a wisdom tooth.

Mrs. Bufkins did not lose any time. "No another tear, Lily," she warned; "don't make your pretty nose red." "Bring me the Gem Toothache Drops," she called to Barker, "and make a cold compress." So they tied up Lily's aching face and wrapped her in a warm blanket, and it wasn't very long before things began to look brighter.

"Nothing shall spoil Lily's party," said Mrs. Bufkins.

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LILY BUCKINS CUTS A WISDOM TOOTH.



X

ON THE LAWN

Lily's Coming-Out Party

X

ON THE LAWN

FIVE o'clock was the hour named on the invitations for the party, as tea was to be served on the lawn.

Mrs. Bufkins took a few last stitches on Lily's frock. Things were turning out very well. Lily was a little pale, but her mother thought she had never looked prettier.

Mrs. Proudpuß and Mrs. Speckleback were the first to arrive. The bell rang again. This time it was a messenger-boy with a box of pink roses.

Mrs. Bufkins glanced at the card and seemed quite satisfied, and Mrs. Speckleback noticed that Lily had a little more color.

Then the ladies had to hurry into line, for three automobiles were already on the driveway. This was just the beginning, for everybody of any importance in Animal Land was there.

Out on the lawn there was the merriest social whirl. "Puss in the Corner" seemed to be a favorite game. And the refreshments were perfect!

Mrs. Bufkins, tired but happy, knew that Lily's coming-out party was a complete success.



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LILY'S COMING-OUT PARTY.

XI

MISCHIEF

Prowler and Purra try the Jam

MISCHIEF

THE Bufkins household was very quiet the Sunday morning after the party. Prowler, trying hard to keep his eyes open, heard Barker go down-stairs, and knew the party dishes must be washed before breakfast preparations began.

Then he remembered that he was hungry. He could have waited for griddle-cakes, but to wait so long for the kind of golden-brown fish-cakes that melt in your mouth was almost more than he could bear.

When he heard Barker go out to feed the chickens he woke up Purra, and told her it would be nice if they went down and offered to help.

So they tiptoed to the kitchen, looking as cute as could be, in their little pink pajamas.

“There must have been lots of folks here last night,” said Prowler; “there isn’t even a sandwich left.”

“I can see a pot of jam in the pantry,” suggested Purra, “and there is a tumbler of jelly, too.”

“And I like jam as well as I like catnip,” cried Prowler. “Just boost me up a little and we will try it.”

So Prowler and Purra tried the jam and had a beautiful, sticky time.



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PROWLER AND PURRA TRY THE JAM.

XII

SUNDAY MORNING

Rosie Bufkins gave Jennie an Airing

XII

SUNDAY MORNING

ROSIE BUFKINS was the family pet, and no one wondered why. She had the bluest blue eyes, and the pinkest of pink mouths, with dimples at the corners. And she was just as lovable as she was pretty.

Prowler and Purra adored their little sister and always shared their goodies with her. They did not forget that she liked jam, too, so they spread some on a cracker and carried it up to her.

Mrs. Bufkins and Lily were very tired, so the twins looked out for themselves. Purra gave little Rosie her bath, and the three children were ready for breakfast together.

Barker did not say anything about the jam. She was hoping Mrs. Bufkins would give her the other dollar when she saw how nicely the house had been put in order, and this was no time to scold the children.

She gave them all they wanted to eat, and then got the twins ready for Sunday School.

Rosie, left alone, gave Jennie Joy an airing.



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ROSIE BUFKINS GAVE JENNIE AN AIRING.

XIII

ROSIE AND JENNIE

Rosie and Jennie took a Cat-Nap

XIII

ROSIE AND JENNIE

THERE was no one to remind Rosie Bufkins not to go any farther than the end of the lane, and the fresh air was doing Jennie Joy so much good that it seemed a shame not to visit the park.

Of course, Rosie knew that you never ought to leave a baby alone in a carriage a moment, but the squirrels were so interesting that she quite forgot poor Jennie.

But the accident wouldn't have happened if Tommy Speckleback had only remembered that there are plenty of days to roll a hoop besides Sunday.

He was very, very sorry he upset Jennie Joy's go-cart, and politely offered to help Rosie wheel her home.

Jennie did not shed a tear, but Rosie cried so hard that Barker was frightened.

They took Jennie's dress off, and did not find anything serious the matter, though she had lost a good deal of sawdust.

Rosie thought a nap would be the best thing for her, so she cuddled her up in her own little bed, and was sound asleep herself before Jennie had closed her eyes.

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ROSIE AND JENNIE TOOK A CAT-NAP.



XIV

KEEPING QUIET

The Twins Looked like Girls

XIV

KEEPING QUIET

THE twins came running home from Sunday School so anxious to hurry up-stairs and show their mother the silver stars on their cards, that they were much disappointed when Barker said that Mrs. Bufkins must not be disturbed.

Rosie woke up when Prowler and Purra came in, and told them all about her trip with Jennie Joy. Purra said that she could fix Jennie so that she would be as good as new, and Rosie held the smelling salts to her favorite's nose, while Purra took a few stitches that made the doll well again.

Mrs. Bufkins and Lily did not come down and the afternoon seemed rather long. Prowler could always think of something, though, and while Purra and Rosie were in the swing he slipped into the house and put on one of Purra's dresses.

Then they had the funniest time pretending Prowler was another sister. How Rosie laughed when she saw the twins on the see-saw! For Prowler and Purra looked just like two girls.



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THE TWINS LOOKED LIKE GIRLS.

XV

A HAPPY FAMILY

Resting in the Hammock

A HAPPY FAMILY

THE children played in the garden all the afternoon, but they amused themselves quietly, and their reward came later, when Lily made them a plate of delicious fudge because they had been so careful not to awaken her.

Mrs. Bufkins came out and sat under the trees with her children, and they made such a happy family group that many passers-by stopped to look at them with envy.

Jennie Joy, quite recovered, sat up very straight in her carriage, and Rosie begged her mother to go for a walk, so they went to visit a sick neighbor.

Then Prowler and Purra climbed into the hammock with Lily and they played a most exciting game. Lily would give a letter and they would each guess what it stood for.

The first letter given out was M, but that was easy. Prowler guessed, “ Mouse ” the first time.

The next one was C, and Purra quickly answered, “ Catnip.”

But the swaying of the hammock made the twins sleepy, and Prowler soon fell sound asleep.



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RESTING IN THE HAMMOCK.

XVI

MONDAY

Mrs. Bufkins had a Busy Day

XVI

MONDAY

MRS. BUFKINS looked out at the window and over her face spread the smile that every good house-keeper wears when the sun comes up clear and bright Monday morning.

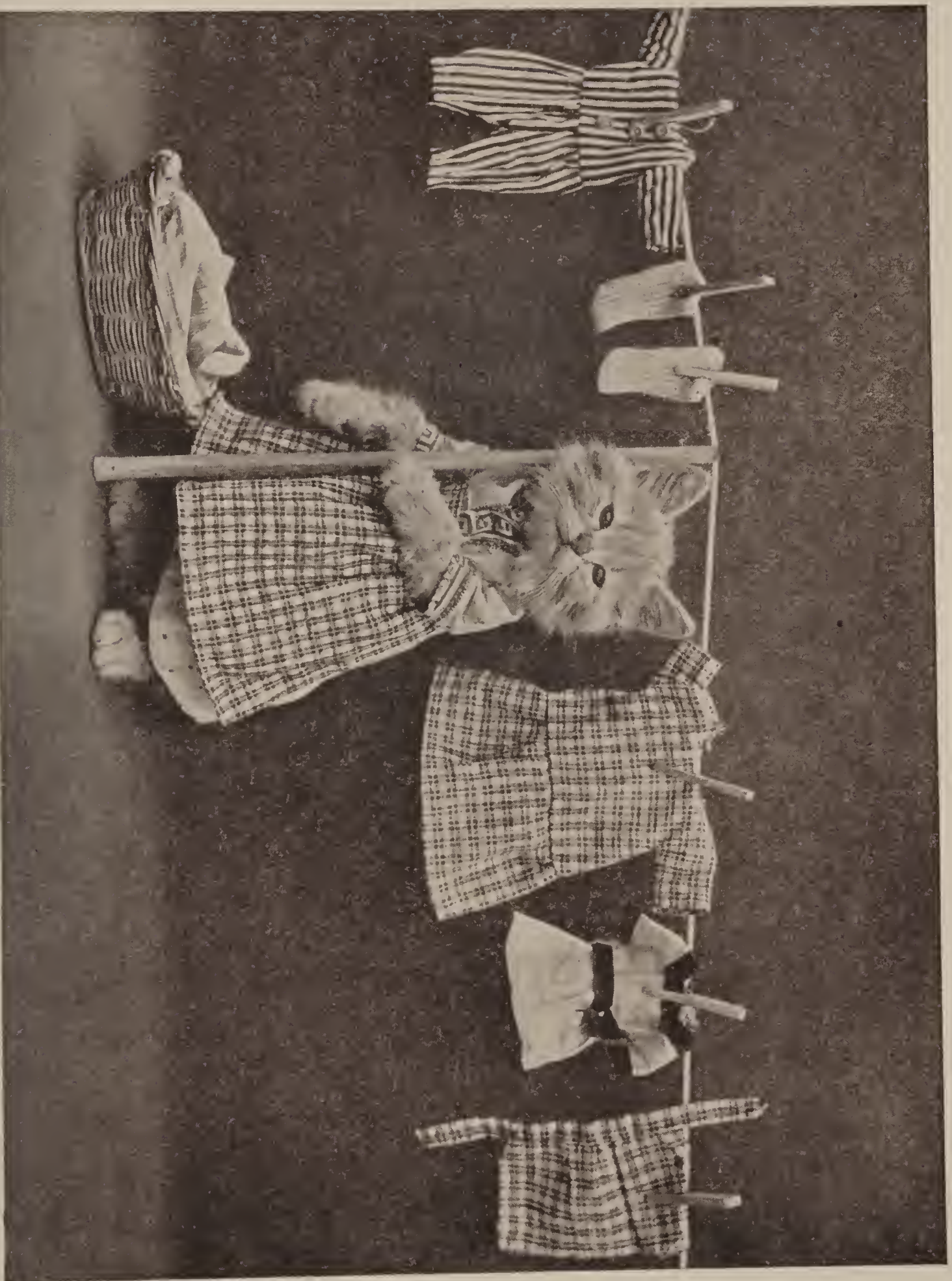
Barker was in the laundry early, while Mrs. Bufkins prepared breakfast, and got the twins ready for the kindergarten.

The washing was so large that week that she thought she would help by putting out the line. She was just going in to dress for a shopping-trip when Barker brought out a basket heaped until it would hold no more. "You can hang the clothes up, while I practise my scales, ma'am," she explained.

Mrs. Bufkins rolled up her sleeves and went to work without a word. What was the use of saying anything?

When the basket was empty, the lines were so full that she had to hunt up a clothes-pole to keep the garments from hitting the grass. Her arms were very tired, but she had promised the twins whipped cream for luncheon.

Mrs. Bufkins was having a busy Monday.



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MRS. BUCKINS HAD A BUSY DAY.

XVII

THE FOURPAW FAMILY

Daddy Fourpaw with Blink and Wink

XVII

THE FOURPAW FAMILY

NOBODY in Dogville was better liked than Mr. Adam Fourpaw. He came of a very old family, and was proud of his ancestors, who were well-known throughout Animal Land.

Mr. Fourpaw did not live on Pussyway Lane. He owned a pretty bungalow in Puppymont Road where he lived with his charming wife, and two little sons, Blink and Wink.

There were many visitors at their home, for Mr. Fourpaw was fond of sports and belonged to the Hare and Hounds, and the Rod and Gun Clubs. Mrs. Fourpaw was a member of the Mother's Circle, but she was so devoted to her babies that she had to miss many meetings.

A dear little girl, who had no pet, was fond of Wink, and teased his mother to let him come to her house for a visit.

Mrs. Fourpaw, so happy herself, could not bear to think that anybody was lonesome, so she had consented, but she would not promise to let Wink stay for more than a few days.

Blink was now the only baby at home, and he received a great deal of attention.



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DADDY FOURPAW WITH BLINK AND WINK.

XVIII

BABY BLINK

Blink was Weighed Every Week

XVIII

BABY BLINK

EVERY week Blink was lifted into the white enameled scales, and his parents eagerly watched the figures to see where the hands pointed, wondering how much the baby had gained.

When they found that he weighed two pounds and a half they knew some changes could be made in his diet. It almost seemed as if an occasional small bone might be allowed.

Blink had a nurse until dull times made economy necessary in the household. Then Mrs. Fourpaw thought, as there were several days each week when Daddy did not go to town, that he might do the heavy work, and she could take care of the baby herself.

Blink made little trouble. He was healthy and very bright. His mouth, to tell the truth, was a bit large, and his ears decidedly floppy, but he had the gentlest eyes, and, of course, his mother thought him quite the most beautiful baby in all the world.

Daddy Fourpaw was sure that Blink looked just like his father, and would probably grow up to be very clever.

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BLINK WAS WEIGHED EVERY WEEK.

XIX

AT THE WASH - TUB

Mr. Fourpaw saved the Laundry Bill

XIX

AT THE WASH - TUB

MR. FOURPAW was not so much pleased at the idea of a sunny Monday as Mrs. Bufkins. He had not been mean enough to hope a rainy day would disappoint the good housewives of Dogville, but if it could only have been a little cloudy, he would have had a splendid excuse to go fishing.

But as there was no hint of a shower in the clear blue sky, he set the tub on the wash-bench, got the wash-board and wringer, and began to feel more like work.

When Mrs. Fourpaw said she could help, he replied, quite firmly, that until he could afford to hire the washing done he would do it himself.

This was just the day, he said, for her to go with Blink to have his picture taken.

Blink's mother knew that it would not be wise to spend so much money just then, but she thought perhaps Mr. Fourpaw wanted the house quiet, so she wheeled the baby over to his grandmother's.

The head of the house, doing things in his own way, made great progress, for he was proud to think that he was saving the laundry bill.



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MR. FOURPAW SAVED THE LAUNDRY BILL.

XX

PATCHES

Patches are no Disgrace

XX

PATCHES

AFTER dinner Blink and his mother went to sleep. Mr. Fourpaw thought it unlikely that there would be any callers Monday afternoon, so it seemed the proper time to remove his trousers and press them.

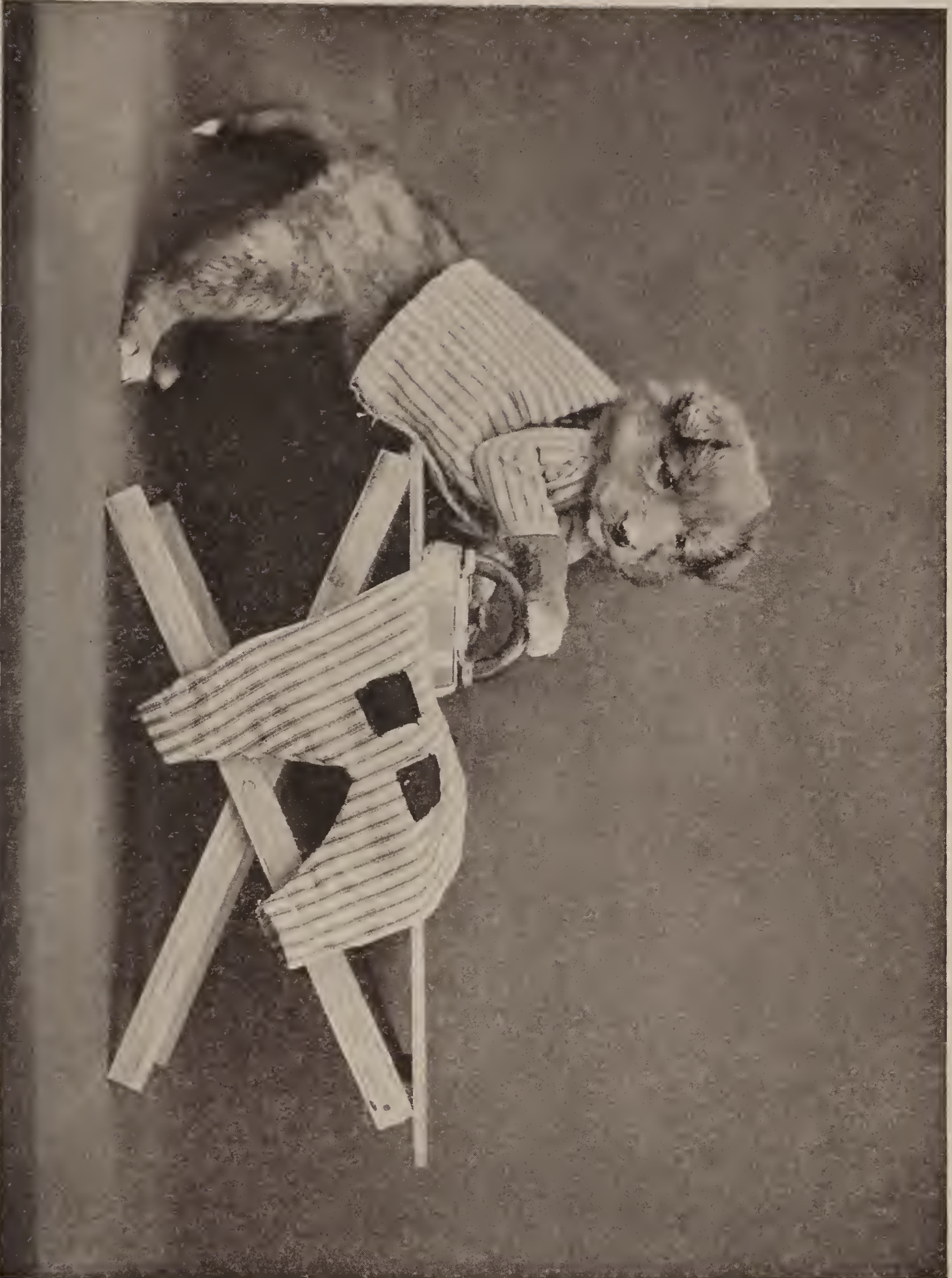
On looking them over, he found that they were dangerously thin, so he hunted for a needle and thread and a roll of pieces of cloth, careful not to disturb Mrs. Fourpaw, and sewed on two patches.

He was delighted with the result. The material did not exactly match, but still, after a good pressing, the effect from the front would not be bad at all.

The irons were hot and he was getting along nicely when the bell rang. Hastily stepping behind a screen, he called to Mrs. Fourpaw, who went to the door as soon as she was awake.

The visitor proved to be none other than Mrs. Bufkins, who had come to invite the Fourpaws to her home for Tuesday evening, when she was having Amy Bell in to teach the new dances.

Blink's mother smiled sweetly and said that she would try to persuade Mr. Fourpaw to go.



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PATCHES ARE NO DISGRACE.

XXI

THE KINDERGARTEN

Miss Kindeyes' Kindergarten Class

XXI

THE KINDERGARTEN

THE free kindergarten was the special pride of all Dogville parents. Soon after it was opened, the Mother's Circle had sent delegates into several cities in Animal Land, and they came back full of ideas for the faithful teacher to carry out.

Miss Kindeyes had many pupils in her class, among them Prowler, Purra, and Rosie Bufkins, who found the schoolroom a most attractive place.

In each of the large windows that let in the fresh air and sunshine was something to delight the eye. There were pots of growing plants, a wind-glass to make sweet music, and a prism that cast shadows of a rainbow over the little desks.

On a border of green burlap were pictures that told the story of the cow that jumped over the moon. There one could see the dish that ran away with the spoon, and the little dog that laughed.

The afternoon that trouble came to Prowler he was sitting quietly with two others, near the blackboard where Miss Kindeyes was explaining the lesson.



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MISS KINDEYES' KINDERGARTEN CLASS.

XXII

ON THE DUNCE - BLOCK

Prowler was Punished

XXII

ON THE DUNCE - BLOCK

PROWLER had answered correctly that five and one make six, and he knew that two times four is eight. Then Miss Kindeyes asked, quite suddenly, “What does R-a-t spell, Prowler?”

Now it was most unfortunate, but, just at that instant, a faint rustling came from the waste-basket, and Prowler, instead of answering, “Rat,” made a flying leap and scattered the contents in every direction.

“Prowler Bufkins,” said the teacher, “you are a dunce.”

The poor little twin hung his head in shame. He saw he had made a sad mistake and would have to take his punishment, but he was not afraid. He knew that he had forgotten the rules and must be made to remember, but his teacher never hurt anybody.

Miss Kindeyes opened a drawer and got out the dunce-cap. She put this on Prowler’s head, and told him he must stand on the dunce-block. She thought half an hour would be enough to teach him not to forget himself again.

Prowler felt very foolish and wished there were no such thing as mice.



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PROWLER WAS PUNISHED.

XXIII

A PORTRAIT

Rosie was a Patient Model

XXIII

A PORTRAIT

ROSIE BUFKINS was a tender-hearted little person, and when she saw how uncomfortable Prowler looked on the dunce-block, she could not keep the tears back.

“I know Prowler did not mean to be naughty,” she sobbed. “Mother always tells us if we hear a rustling sound to look around and see where it comes from.”

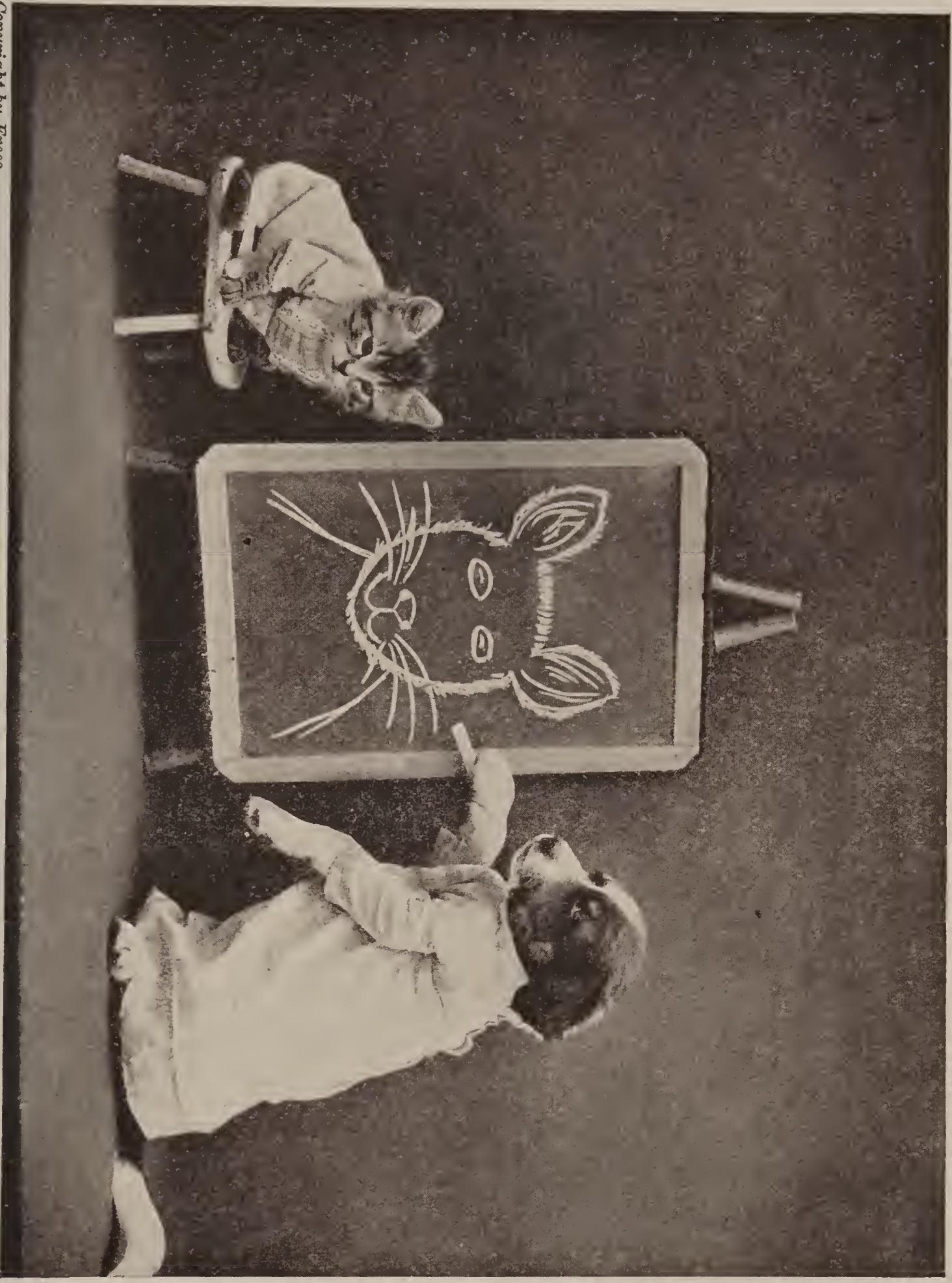
In vain Miss Kindeyes tried to explain that rules for behavior at home and in the schoolroom have to be different. Rosie only cried the harder, and Purra and the others were taking out their handkerchiefs.

The teacher was so perplexed that she did not know what to do for a few minutes. Then a happy thought came to her and she said, “I am going to draw a picture of Rosie Bufkins to let you see how she looks when she cries.”

She took a piece of chalk, made an outline, and then glanced at Rosie—but there was not a tear to be seen. She was sitting very prim and still to be sketched, and all the rest, including Prowler, were smiling.

Rosie was a patient model.

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ROSIE WAS A PATIENT MODEL.

XXIV

A VISITOR

Miss Kindeyes Thought Herself too Severe

XXIV

A VISITOR

EAGER suggestions from one and another helped Miss Kindeyes to complete a natural portrait of Rosie. To be sure, the blue chalk could not make her eyes so blue as they really were, and the pink was not quite the right shade for her curving mouth, but the kindergartners declared it was perfect, and were proud of their clever teacher.

Prowler's half-hour was now almost up. The clock was near a window that looked toward the street, and Miss Kindeyes, turning to see what the time was, saw something else.

It was Mrs. Thomas Bufkins, mother of Prowler, Purra, and Rosie, on her way to visit the kindergarten.

Prowler's punishment began to seem too severe, so the teacher gently removed the dunce-cap, lifted him in her arms, and carried him to his seat.

"Now, my dears," she said, "this little boy is sorry and will remember next time, so we will not speak of this again."

Then she answered the knock at the door, and Mrs. Bufkins found the room in very good order.



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MISS KINDEYES THOUGHT HERSELF TOO SEVERE.

XXV

A GOOD DAY

Mr. Fourpaw was Lucky

A GOOD DAY

TUESDAY afternoon Mrs. Fourpaw reminded her husband that the dancing-class was to be held at the home of Mrs. Bufkins that evening.

Mr. Fourpaw, fishpole in hand, was winding up his reel and he replied that he had not said yet that he was going. If it was not cloudy enough for the fish to bite he should not be home until after dark.

But he saw that Mrs. Fourpaw was going to be disappointed, so he promised, quite cheerfully, not to stay later than five o'clock, and started off whistling "Old Dog Tray."

There were said to be some big ones in the duck-pond, and the day seemed made for fishing. Not a ripple stirred the water. It was warm and hazy. Best of all, the mosquitoes were somewhere else.

Mr. Fourpaw trailed his gaily-colored fly back and forth, waiting patiently. He did not expect a bite for some time, and was much surprised to feel a nibble, and then a sharp tug at his line.

And he drew in one of those beauties that you often hear about, but seldom see.

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MR. FOURPAW WAS LUCKY.

XXVI

GOOD LUCK

The Keennose Boys make a Sly Deal

XXVI

GOOD LUCK

MR. FOURPAW admired his catch so much that he hated to drop it into the basket where he could not see it. He thought at first it must weigh a pound and a half, then he was sure two pounds was not too high a figure to set, and, looking at it more closely, he presumed it might even tip the scales at three.

Anxious to repeat his success, he put on another fly, and it sounds like a fish story, but he caught two more as large as the first one.

On the other bank of the duck-pond the Keennose boys were trying their luck, and when Mr. Fourpaw pulled out his third speckled beauty, he beckoned to them to come over.

After they looked into his basket they made up their minds that they must be the ones to carry that string back to town.

Mr. Fourpaw wanted the pleasure of showing those fish himself, but he thought of his family, and knew that three bills in his pocket would do more good than three fish in his basket.

And that is how the Keennose boys became known as remarkable fishermen.



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THE KEENNOSE BOYS MAKE A SLY DEAL.

XXVII

JUST IN TIME

Mr. Fourpaw's Daily Exercise

XXVII

JUST IN TIME

MR. FOURPAW kept his promise and came home promptly at five o'clock. Mrs. Fourpaw noticed that the fish-basket was empty, and wanted to tell him she was sorry, but she was afraid she might not say just the right thing.

It surprised her to hear him humming a tune as he started for the wood-pile to take his daily exercise.

Mr. Fourpaw was sawing his seventh stick when he suddenly stopped and put his hand in his pocket, but the crisp rustle proved that nothing had been lost, and he took up the saw again.

On his face was a pleasant, thoughtful expression. While he did not appear to be looking at anything he was really seeing himself at the dancing-class in a new pair of white flannel trousers.

Then Mrs. Fourpaw came out for some kindling, "Adam," she began, "I hate to remind you of it, but the insurance on our home runs out to-night."

Mr. Fourpaw could not see anything now except some striped pants with patches.

But he said gently, "Don't worry, Eva, I will pay it."



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MR. FOURPAW'S DAILY EXERCISE.

XXVIII

ON THEIR WAY

The Fourpaws start for the Dancing-Class

XXVIII

ON THEIR WAY

THE hazy afternoon became a misty evening while the Fourpaws dressed to spend a few hours as guests of Mrs. Bufkins. But the weather did not trouble Mrs. Fourpaw, to whom, just a few days before, a striped silk umbrella had been given for a birthday present.

Daddy Fourpaw wore the suit he had so carefully pressed and mended, and his wife declared that it looked quite like new if he could only remember to stand facing people. She herself wore a simple checked dress that she had made stylish by adding a flaring collar.

They started early, for they were going to walk, and Mr. Fourpaw wanted to stop to make sure that their pretty bungalow was not left without protection against fire. "We never can tell," he said, "what will happen before morning."

After attending to this matter, he felt so much relieved that he became quite gay and bought some roses for Mrs. Fourpaw, who scolded about his extravagance.

Mr. Fourpaw said his luck had turned, and he was not going to worry any more.



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THE FOURPAWS START FOR THE DANCING-CLASS.

XXIX

THE DANCING - CLASS

Amy Bell Teaches the Fox-Trot

XXIX

THE DANCING - CLASS

THE Fourpaws, arriving in Pussyway Lane, were warmly greeted by their hostess.

Mrs. Bufkins could always make visitors feel at home. She sent Mrs. Fourpaw up-stairs to look over some of Lily's new gowns, and with Mr. Fourpaw walked out to the chicken-yard, in which she was sure he would be interested.

The Bufkins twins had gone to bed early, but Prowler wanted to ask Daddy Fourpaw about Blink, so everybody went into the nursery for a few minutes.

Amy Bell, the dancing-teacher, and most of the guests flocked in at the same time.

The living-room was cleared for dancing, and that was the beginning of a jolly evening.

The dancing-class was really for Lily's set, but nobody was more popular than Adam Fourpaw, whom the new steps did not seem to bother at all.

To the music of Miss Bell's accordion, he and Mrs. Fourpaw danced the fox-trot in a way that kept everybody wondering how it came so easy to them.

Mr. Fourpaw smiled, and said it was because Amy Bell was such a clever teacher.

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AMY BELL TEACHES THE FOX-TROT.



XXX

BLINK'S BATH

Barker Gives Blink his Bath

XXX

BLINK'S BATH

MRS. BUFKINS knew that the Fourpaws could **not** go out in the evening unless they left some one at home with Blink so she planned to let Barker go over to stay.

Barker was never unwilling to help the Fourpaws. She took much pleasure in the thought that she looked like Mr. Fourpaw and had sometimes been taken for one of the family when she had answered the bell.

Blink never made any trouble. He was very affectionate, and the friend of any one who was good to him.

Daddy Fourpaw had taken great pains to have the house warm so that his little son would not take cold when he was given his bath. Blink had a snowy-white bath-tub, with a blue stripe around it, for his very own, and he sat quite still in it and played with the soap while Barker made him shine like satin.

He got a bit restless while he was having his glossy brown head dried with a Turkish towel, and began to feel that he was clean enough.



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BARKER GIVES BLINK HIS BATH.

XXXI

MORE PATCHES

Barker Takes a Stitch in Time

XXXI

MORE PATCHES

AFTER his bath Blink became playful, and Barker was glad for she wanted him to stay awake long enough to try on a little suit that Prowler Bufkins had outgrown.

Blink did not think he was a bit too young for trousers and he looked so cunning when he stepped into them that Barker had to pick him up and hug him. He was large for his age and they fitted perfectly, but needed patching.

“That is too bad,” apologized Barker. “I thought they were whole, or I should not have brought them to you.”

But Blink said that patches would make him look more like his daddy, so Barker found a piece of cloth that Mr. Fourpaw had left, large enough to cut two small squares.

“Now, Blink,” she said, “to get the patches smooth I want to baste them on before you take off your suit, but you must be careful not to wiggle the least little mite, for Barker might prick you.”

Blink tried to keep still but his eyes began to smart and Barker smelled smoke.



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BARKER TAKES A STITCH IN TIME.

XXXII

SIGNS OF A FIRE

The Specklebacks Smell Smoke

XXXII

SIGNS OF A FIRE

THE Speckleback sisters lived in Pussyway Lane in the cottage next to Mrs. Bufkins, and on the evening of the dancing-class they surprised their mother by starting up-stairs before the usual hour.

The truth was they had heard the music while they were finishing their lessons, and knew that from their chamber window they could see into the Bufkins' living-room, for the shades were never drawn.

In a few minutes they were gathered around the window in their night-caps and kimonos, watching Mr. Fourpaw do the fox-trot.

“Let's try it,” said Pearla to Furla, “and you, Mewsie and Glossy, tell us if we make a mistake.”

So Pearla and Furla danced a while, and then changed places with their sisters and let them try it.

But the dancing-class was soon forgotten when they saw a red glare rise up against the sky over Puppymont Road.

“Oh, I hope it isn't a fire,” said Furla. “That is where the Fourpaws live.”

But they all agreed that they could smell smoke.



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THE SPECKLEBACKS SMELL SMOKE.

XXXIII

A SICK BABY

Baby Speckleback's Nose Was Hot

XXXIII

A SICK BABY

THERE was a baby in the Speckleback household, and a most adorable infant he was, too.

His name was Toodlekin, and he slept in an old-fashioned wooden bed that had belonged to his mother when she was little. There was a dainty coverlet to spread over him, and his tiny pillow was edged with lace.

Toodlekin had gone to sleep with the earache, and when Mrs. Speckleback went in to tuck him up carefully for the night, she was much alarmed to find that his nose was hot.

She at once remembered that his sisters had wheeled him to the park the week before, and she was afraid he might be coming down with the measles.

One remedy had never failed her and that was catnip tea. She went into the kitchen, where she already had some steeping, and to a cupful added some cream and sugar for baby Speckleback liked it better this way.

She was just going to awaken Toodlekin to give him a spoonful when the Speckleback sisters rushed in.



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BABY SPECKLEBACK'S NOSE WAS HOT.

XXXIV

THE ALARM

A Race to the Alarm-Box

XXXIV

THE ALARM

THE Speckleback sisters were so excited that they could hardly speak, but they drew their mother to the window and pointed to the light in the sky.

“That looks like a fire, and no mistake,” said Mrs. Speckleback, “but we mustn’t frighten Toodlekin. Come down-stairs quickly.”

Out on the porch, no doubt was left in her mind that something was burning.

Just then there was a patter of hoofs in the street and Mrs. Speckleback ran out. The riders reined in their horses and she was glad to find they were the Keennose boys out for an evening canter on Snow-White and Spotless. She had only to tell them her fears when they made a wild dash to the nearest alarm-box.

Spotless made a bound and tried to pass Snow-White and Billy Keennose landed on his chin by the roadside, but his brother reached the box in safety and before the whistle had stopped blowing the streets were full of people.

Adam Fourpaw, rushing out of Mrs. Bufkins’ house, saw at a glance where the fire was.



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A RACE TO THE ALARM-BOX.

XXXV

THE FIRE

Fighting the Flames

THE FIRE

WHEN Adam Fourpaw heard the crowd murmur, “Puppymont Road,” he feared the worst, but tried to calm himself, and went back to persuade his wife to stay with Mrs. Bufkins.

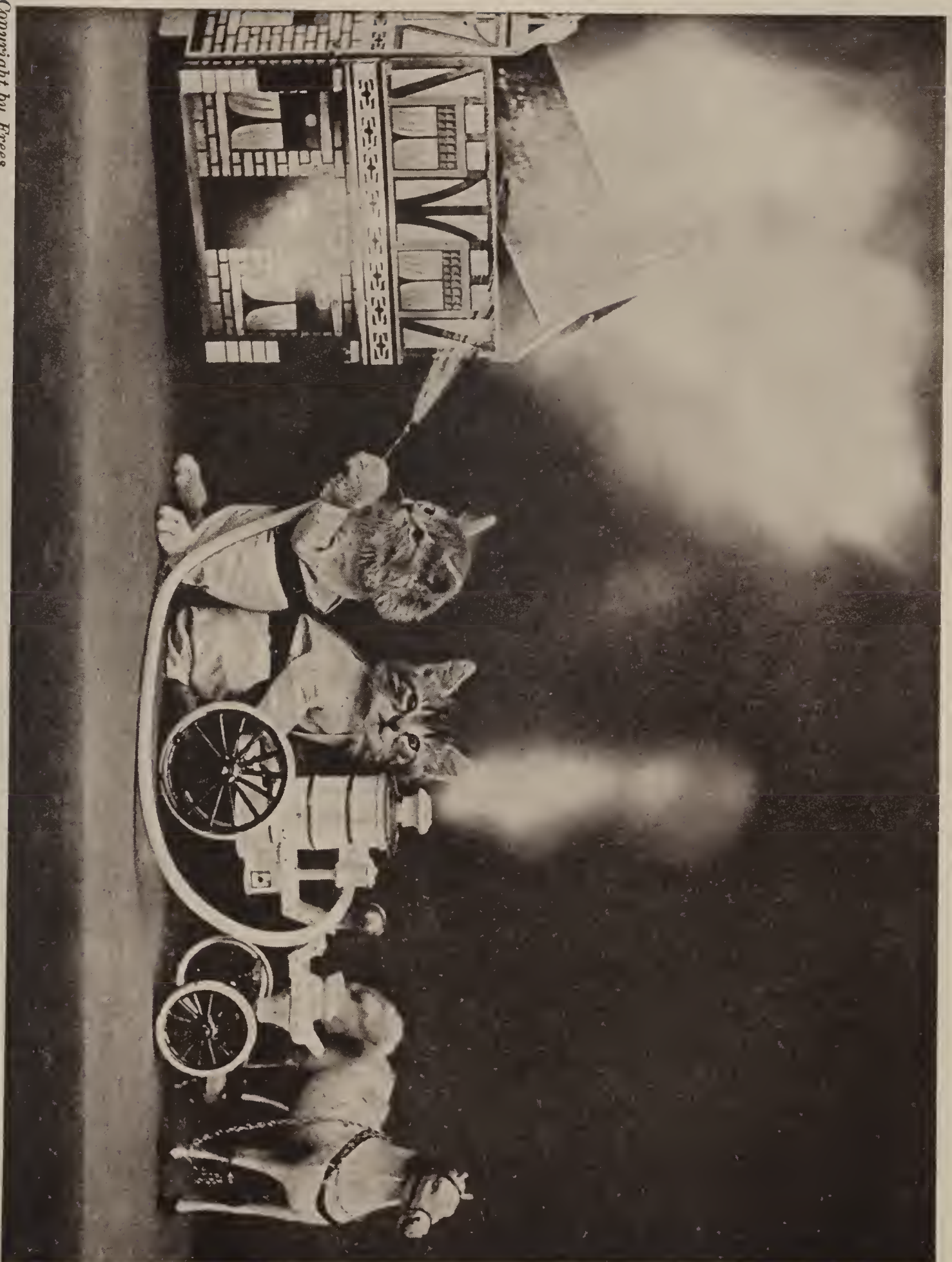
Then he hastened to the street again and ran as he had never run before. As he came nearer the Road he began to stumble over lines of hose, but he kept on until he reached the bungalow. His home was now a mass of flames.

The entire fire department had been called out and the chief had telephoned to all parts of Animal Land for help. The new steamer had arrived and Foreman Katz was directing a heavy stream against the upper story, but it was too late. The roof fell in with a crash.

“What a blessing the family were away to-night,” some one said.

Mr. Fourpaw heard, and, though the smoke was thick and sparks were flying, he did not obey the order of the chief to keep back.

And luck went with him, for the fire had not yet reached the room where Blink was sleeping.



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FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

XXXVI

THE RESCUE

Daddy Fourpaw Rescues Blink

XXXVI

THE RESCUE

WHEN Barker first smelled smoke after giving Blink his bath, she had looked around carefully but found nothing wrong. She thought it must be soap that was making Blink's eyes smart, so she bathed them again and he grew drowsy.

He did not wake up when she undressed him and, being very tired, she lay down beside him and fell into a sound sleep, herself.

Poor Barker knew nothing more until Mr. Fourpaw dashed in, and she found that she was in the midst of a fire.

But she did not lose a moment. Throwing a quilt around Blink, she laid him on Daddy Fourpaw's shoulder and pushed him toward the door.

“Save the baby!” she said.

The back hallway was full of smoke, but still safe, when Barker followed Mr. Fourpaw, who cautiously made his way to the open air.

He was so thankful to escape unhurt with the baby, that he never noticed the cheer that arose when he appeared before the crowd with Blink in his arms.



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DADDY FOURPAW RESCUES BLINK.

XXXVII

HELP

Amy Bell and Lily Help the Fire-Laddies

XXXVII

HELP

ALTHOUGH the fire company responded as quickly as they could to the chief's call for aid, there was a chance for the neighbors to help, and no one hesitated.

Mrs. Fourpaw collapsed when she knew the truth, and had to remain in the care of Mrs. Bufkins, but Lily, as soon as she heard her friends' home was in danger, did not even stop to change her party frock before she ran, side by side with Amy Bell, to the scene of the fire.

Lily's skirt was narrow and Amy's satin pumps were snug, but all they thought of was trying to reach the "fire laddies."

They heard somebody say that the water supply was giving out so they ran to a well they remembered to have seen near by.

Lily pumped pail after pail which Amy carried to the fire-fighters. There was a pain across her shoulders, and poor Lily had more blisters than she could count, but neither one thought of giving up.

Later, they were made honorary members of the fire department.

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AMY BELL AND LILY HELP THE FIRE-LADDIES.

XXXVIII

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

Neighbors Overcome by Smoke

XXXVIII

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

NOBODY was hurt in the Fourpaw fire, but three neighbors were overcome by smoke.

Almost as soon as the firemen arrived, Mrs. Kittywise ran out and told Foreman Katz that there was a globe of gold-fish in the living-room. She was fond of fish and willing to face danger to put them in a safe place.

She was allowed to enter and the two Fisher girls closely followed her. None of the three came out but, in the excitement, their absence was not noticed until they were seen at a window. A ladder was raised and they were rescued, but seemed unable to talk.

“Where are the gold-fish?” asked Foreman Katz.

“The poor gold-fish—do not ask me.” Mrs. Kittywise wiped away a tear, and it was thought unkind to ask her any more questions.

Cool bandages were bound around the heads of the three neighbors, but they appeared to be in such distress, that they were taken to a hospital, where it was said that they were suffering from indigestion.

But this was probably a mistake.



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NEIGHBORS OVERCOME BY SMOKE.

XXXIX

WITHOUT A HOME

Straw for the Fourpaws' Beds

WITHOUT A HOME

IT was past midnight when the all-out signal blew and Daddy Fourpaw, carrying Blink, made his way back to Mrs. Bufkins' house.

Very gently he broke the news to his wife that their home was gone. Mrs. Fourpaw held Blink close and tried to be brave. When she spoke she was quite calm. "We can build again," she said; "we shall have the insurance."

"This is splendid," Mr. Fourpaw answered, "and now we must make plans for the night. The barn was saved, and if I could get a load of clean straw we could make ourselves very comfortable."

"What an idea," said Mrs. Bufkins, "when my home is open to you just as long as you care to stay!"

But Mrs. Fourpaw replied, with a smile, that they had slept in straw before and could do so again, and really would not feel so homeless in their own barn.

So Mrs. Bufkins found a neighbor, who was eager to help, and he hitched Dapple Grey to a long, low wagon and told Mr. Fourpaw to take the pitchfork and get all the straw he wanted.



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STRAW FOR THE FOURPAWS' BED.

XL

A DREAM

Amy Bell Dreams of a Daring Rescue

XL

A DREAM

AFTER the fire was over, Amy Bell went home to stay with Lily Bufkins.

Their faces were smoky, and the pretty dresses they had worn quite ruined, but what did they care?

The chief, himself, had rushed up to shake hands with them before they left, and had told them he really did not know what he should have done without their help.

Mrs. Bufkins was waiting for them with a rather tired smile on her pleasant face. It had been a very exciting evening.

Lily could not sleep at all, but Amy Bell was soon dreaming that she was passing along a street when fire broke out at the top of a very high building. At a window she could see Prowler Bufkins, and she ran in to climb the stairs. There were twenty flights, but Prowler was waiting, and she took him on her back and started down through the smoke again.

But just before she reached the ground floor she woke up to find the sun shining in upon her.



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AMY BELL DREAMS OF A DARING RESCUE.

XLI

ANOTHER DREAM

The Bufkins Twins Dream of Amy Bell

ANOTHER DREAM

AMY BELL was not the only one who had a queer dream that night.

Prowler Bufkins heard the alarm, but he thought it would not be polite to run out in his pajamas when his mother had guests, so he contented himself with waking up Purra, and they curled up in the window-seat to see the fire-engine go by.

They could not help hearing where the fire was, so they tried hard to keep awake until it was over.

When Mr. Fourpaw came back with Blink, and Lily and Amy got home again, there was so much excitement that the twins just had to listen at the top of the stairs.

But as they found that everybody was safe, they crept back to bed, and it was then that Prowler and Purra dreamed that they were in a burning house and Amy Bell carried them to safety in a basket.

But Amy Bell said that it was not strange that they had the same dream for they had been thinking of the same thing before they went to sleep.



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THE BUFKINS TWINS DREAM OF AMY BELL.

XLII

A VISITOR

The Elegant Mrs. Proudpuſs

XLII

A VISITOR

THE Fourpaw family awoke refreshed and cheerful the morning after the fire. The straw beds had been comfortable, and they were glad to see that the day was warm and sunny. Altogether, things began to look more hopeful.

They had been able to save some furniture which was carried into the barn, and after breakfast they started to make the place look homelike.

But Mrs. Fourpaw soon realized that she was very tired, so she and Blink took a nap.

Mr. Fourpaw sat on the chopping-block, leaning against the barn-door, with his hands in his pockets. He was thinking that he could never be thankful enough for whatever had prompted him to part with those wonderful fish. Let the Keennose boys be the ones to tell the story of the three speckled beauties at the Rod and Gun Club. His sacrifice had protected his family.

Just then he saw a shadow across the path, and looked up to see the elegant Mrs. Proudpudd approaching, with her arms full of flowers.



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THE ELEGANT MRS. PROUDPUSS.

XLIII

SURPRISED

Young Friskaway Urged Mewla to Elope

XLIII

SURPRISED

MRS. PROUDPUSS was one of the best-known people in Animal Land. Richly dressed, and moving with great dignity, it is not surprising that Adam Fourpaw was flustered when he saw her walking toward the barn.

But she was so gracious that she soon made him feel at ease, although her first words rather shocked him. “Mr. Fourpaw,” she began, “it would not be the truth if I should say that I am sorry about this fire. If you had not lost your home I should have lost my daughter Mewla.”

Mr. Fourpaw was puzzled.

“You must have heard,” she continued, “that Young Friskaway Knights is fond of Mewla. Perhaps you have been told, too, that I do not approve of him.”

Mr. Fourpaw did not remember hearing any such gossip.

“Anyway,” Mrs. ProudpuSS went on, “last night he was urging her to elope when the alarm blew, but being a fireman, he had to answer the call. It was a warning to me, and since it was your house, you are the one that I must thank.”

With a twinkle in her eye she handed him a paper.



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YOUNG FRISKAWAY URGED MEWLA TO ELOPE.

XLIV

A NEW COTTAGE

Moving to the Fourpaws' New Home

XLIV

A NEW COTTAGE

THE paper that Mrs. Proudpuß put into Mr. Fourpaw's hand was the deed to a pretty cottage that she owned, not far from where the bungalow had stood.

Mr. Fourpaw was quite overcome and said, as he wiped his eyes, that he could never find words to thank her.

But Mrs. Proudpuß made him understand that she did not need any thanks; she was giving the house because she was grateful that her daughter had been prevented from eloping with Friskaway.

“ You had better move your things right in to-day,” she advised, and was gone before he could say another word.

Mr. Fourpaw pinched his nose to see if he were really awake and, finding that he was, hastened to tell his wife the news of their good-fortune.

The next thing that happened was the arrival of the Keennose boys, in blue overalls, driving Dapple Grey. They said they were all ready to help the Fourpaws move, and, sure enough, the first load was soon on its way to the new home.



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MOVING TO THE FOURPAWS' NEW HOME.

XLV

A GARDEN

Mrs. Bufkins did Some Planting

XLV

A GARDEN

MRS. BUFKINS soon heard about the generous gift of Mrs. Proudpuß, for Mrs. Fourpaw, anxious to let her friends know how fortunate they were, wrote a note and gave it to Prowler and Purra as they were going home from school.

The twins' mother was weeding the catnip-patch but Prowler said that he could pull up the weeds so that she could go over to see Mr. Fourpaw's new house.

Mrs. Bufkins told Mrs. Fourpaw that she was just as much pleased as she would have been if the good luck had been her own, and then, because they had been close friends so long, they shed a few tears together.

Mr. Fourpaw said there was nothing to cry about, they had much better come and see the fence he was building around the yard to keep Blink from running away.

Mrs. Bufkins declared that she was going to work, herself. She would plant a garden for them. She sent word home and soon Lily and Kitty Cute brought the rake and the watering-pot.



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MRS. BUFKINS DID SOME PLANTING.

XLVI

CHERRIES

Rosie Bufkins was Fond of Cherries

XLVI

CHERRIES

PROWLER BUFKINS spent a good deal of time working in the catnip-patch. The rows were beginning to look rather thin, but he told Rosie, when she came out looking for her mother, that the reason for this was that there had been so many weeds before.

Rosie was fond of cherries, and Prowler said that this was just the time of day to pick them. With his little ladder, he thought, she could reach all the lower branches.

This made Rosie very happy, and she hurried away to find her rompers for she did not want to tear her dress so that her mother would have to mend it.

It was a cherry year and there were bushels on the tree. Rosie did not intend to eat any, but they looked so juicy and tempting that many stopped on their way to the basket.

But in a short time she had picked enough for a cherry-pie and she begged Barker to make one so that she could take it over to the Fourpaws for their supper.



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ROSIE BUTKINS WAS FOND OF CHERRIES.

XLVII

A HELPFUL NEIGHBOR

Barker Never Forgot the Flowers

XLVII

A HELPFUL NEIGHBOR

THERE was plenty of land to grow both flowers and vegetables at the Fourpaws' new cottage, and Mrs. Bufkins cleverly planned the garden.

She found a sunny spot, where the earth was rich, and left Mr. Fourpaw to spade the ground while she went home to take up some thrifty catnip plants, for, of course, she did not consider any garden complete without this useful herb.

Mr. Fourpaw did not care much for catnip, himself, but he was too polite to say so. He wanted to beautify the yard with shrubs and mentioned a dogwood-hedge between his house and the next place, but his suggestion did not receive much attention so he went to work on the fence again.

The last family to occupy the cottage had left roses that were budded, and red and white tulips that made the whole plot fragrant.

Barker came over with Rosie to bring the cherry-pie and said that she would look after the tulip-bed every day. She never forgot the flowers.

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BARKER NEVER FORGOT THE FLOWERS.



XLVIII

IN FEAR

A Noise in the Night

XLVIII

IN FEAR

NOBODY could seem to forget the Fourpaw fire. The fire department had practice-meetings three times a week, and even Miss Kindeyes had a fire-drill at the kindergarten.

There were few families that did not imagine that they smelled smoke at least once during the weeks that followed.

The Tabby sisters, who lived alone, got very nervous. From attic to cellar, their house was thoroughly searched every evening before they retired.

They kept a candle burning, and any noise that they heard was investigated at once. It was no unusual sight to see them in their night-caps and gowns, peering out of a window, at any hour of the night.

They bought a fire-extinguisher, a burglar-alarm, and a mouse-trap, and even talked about learning to shoot, though nobody could understand how this would help them in case of a fire.

But after a while everything settled down again. Talk about the Fourpaw disaster became a thing of the past, and the suburb was quiet and peaceful once more.

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A NOISE IN THE NIGHT.



XLIX

A BOXING LESSON

Blink and Daddy in the Ring

XLIX

A BOXING LESSON

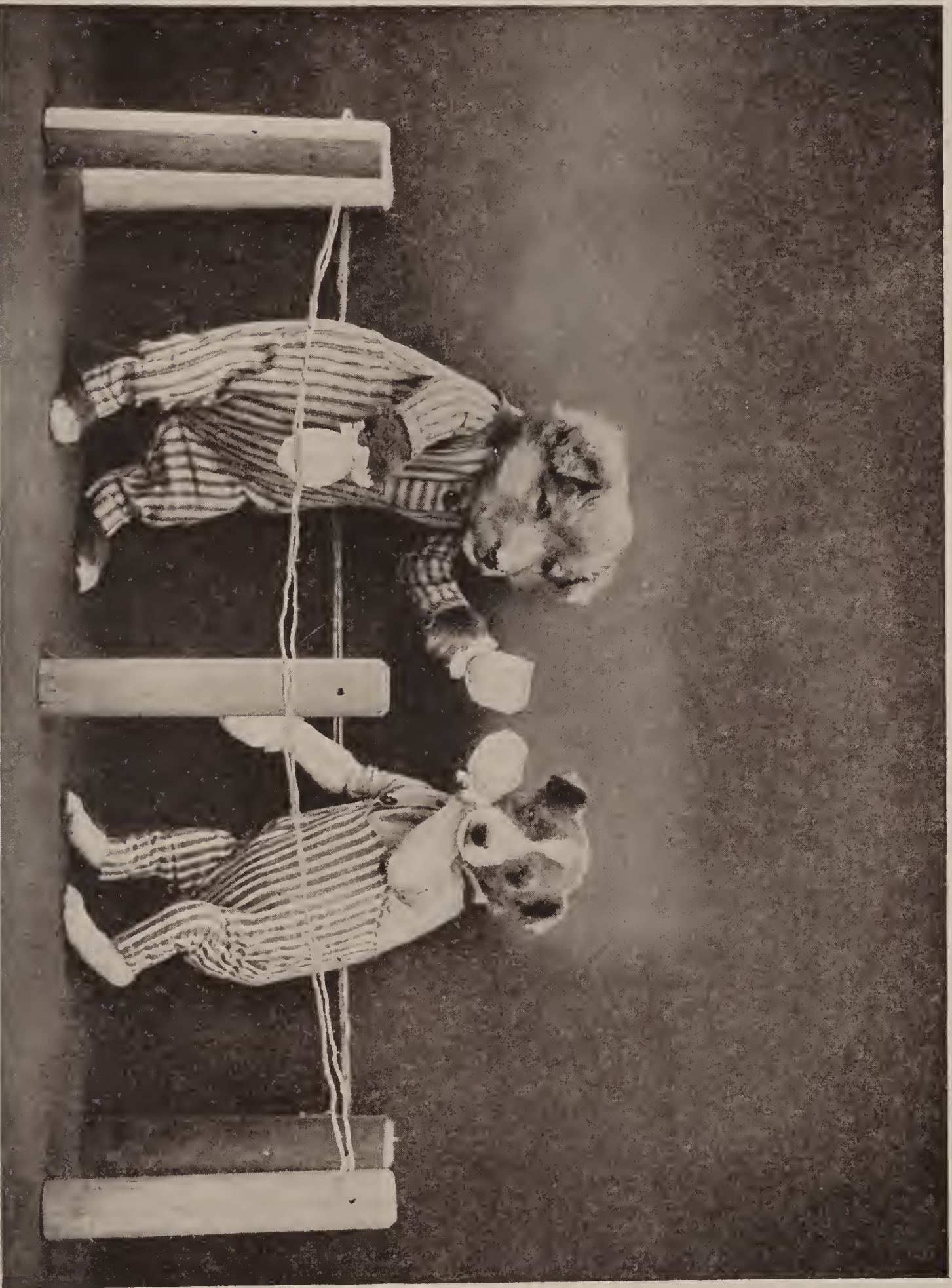
ONE afternoon, almost a year later, Adam Fourpaw, looking prosperous and happy, came hurrying up from the station with two large bundles under his arm.

Blink, now nearly twice as large as he was when he was rescued, ran to meet his daddy with shouts of delight.

Mr. Fourpaw lifted Blink high in the air, then put him down and whispered something in his ear, and they both ran laughing to the back-yard, where the packages were untied.

Blink jumped up and down with joy when he saw what his father had brought home, for he knew that the six posts and coil of rope were going to make the ring that would enclose them when his daddy gave him boxing-lessons.

There was also a striped suit for Mr. Fourpaw, and a pair of striped trousers with a flannel shirt for Blink. Daddy forgot about gloves, but Mrs. Fourpaw thought of something that did just as well. She cut four circles of heavy cloth, and they snapped these over their fists with rubber bands.



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BLINK AND DADDY IN THE RING.

L

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The Society Editor Calls up Mrs. Bufkins

L

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

MRS. BUFKINS was just going over to see Mr. Fourpaw teach Blink how to box when Barker told her that the telephone was ringing.

“Hello,” she answered. “Yes, this is Mrs. Bufkins of Pussyway Lane. Oh, you are the society editor of the ‘Tattler’? Why, yes, I suppose I may as well give you permission to publish an announcement this week. Yes, Lily has been out a year. Well—Mrs. Thomas Bufkins announces the engagement of her daughter, Lily, to Mr. Archingback Stripes. The wedding will not take place until autumn. Yes, later on you may call and I will tell you our plans for the affair. Good-bye.”

Then she sat down and burst into tears. Barker had never seen her mistress cry before and, much alarmed, started to call Lily.

“Oh, no, indeed,” cried Mrs. Bufkins, “it is nothing,—only until it came to me how that paragraph would look in black and white I had not really thought what it means to give up my beautiful Lily.”

Barker replied that she knew mothers who would be glad to be in Mrs. Bufkins’ place.



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THE SOCIETY EDITOR CALLS UP MRS. BUFKINS.

LI

GREAT PREPARATIONS

The Seamstresses would Stop to Play

GREAT PREPARATIONS

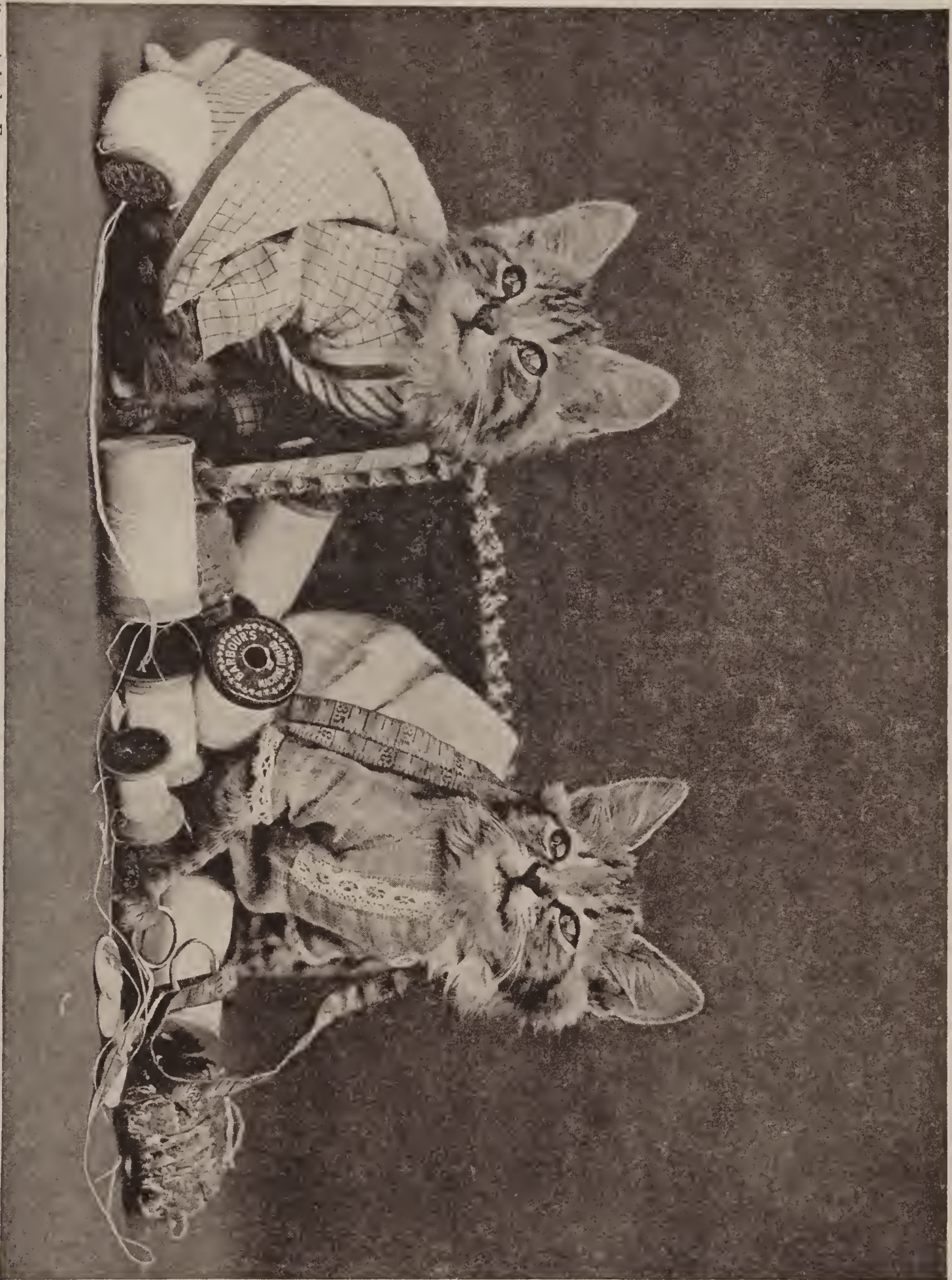
THERE was a merry bustle of preparation in the Bufkins household for weeks before Lily's wedding.

Prowler told Barker that every day seemed just like a holiday, and she said that she had noticed it and would be glad, for her part, to see some plain week-days again.

Mrs. Bufkins gave a great deal of attention to Lily's trousseau and, anxious to have it completed in plenty of time, went into town, with her friend, Mrs. Fourpaw, and engaged two seamstresses.

Their names were Musette and Fluffee. They each had sharp ears and mischievous eyes which gave to their faces a pert, wide-awake expression.

Mrs. Bufkins said that they gave satisfaction when they worked, but they would stop to play. Often when she opened the door into the sewing-room to see how things were getting along she would surprise them on the floor with a pile of spools and the tape-measure, and they would look up, quite calmly, and say that they had just happened to overturn the work-basket.



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THE SEAMSTRESSES WOULD STOP TO PLAY.



LII

FUN WITH A CLOTHES - LINE

A Frolic on the Bufkins Lawn

LII

FUN WITH A CLOTHES - LINE

EVERY day brought the great event nearer, and worry lines began to show between Mrs. Bufkins' eyes.

There were so many mornings that Barker threatened to leave that her mistress soon thought of it as a part of the day's work to persuade her to stay.

It was not Lily's fault that she did not help her mother more. She adored Prowler and Purra, and when they came home from school, too sad to smile, because their sister was so soon going away, what could she do but amuse them until they were laughing again?

All the little folks in Pussyway Lane loved Lily, and would join in the frolic on the Bufkins lawn. In the midst of one of these frolics, when everybody was all wound up in a clothes-line, Mrs. Bufkins appeared and told Lily to hurry in the back door, up-stairs to her room, just as fast as she could.

“ Archie Stripes' mother is half-way up the lane,” she gasped. “ You will have hardly time to put on your white dress and get down to the hall! ”



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A FROLIC ON THE BUCKINS' LAWN.

LIII

ANOTHER MAID

An Extra Servant is Engaged

ANOTHER MAID

THE day that Mrs. Stripes chose to call had been a hard one for Mrs. Bufkins.

Lily thought it was a great lark to have to untangle herself from the clothes-line, and rush into the house and dress to receive a visitor, who was almost at the door, but her mother could not see that it was funny in the least.

Lily was demure and charming, and quite won Mrs. Stripes' heart, but Barker, who happened to pass by the door, told Hilda that Mrs. Bufkins looked as if it were Monday afternoon and she had done the family-washing herself.

Hilda was the new maid, and it was searching for this extra servant that had to be engaged, that had tired Mrs. Bufkins so completely.

Barker's helper was a large Dane, who looked very neat, and she brought with her some fresh gingham aprons, with caps to match.

Barker said that she appeared so strong that it would be a good plan to let her begin by sweeping the house, so she handed her a broom.



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AN EXTRA SERVANT IS ENGAGED.

LIV

AN APPLE - PIE

Hilda Made Delicious Pies

AN APPLE - PIE

IT was Mrs. Bufkins' plan to let Lily have Hilda, after the wedding, for the first servant in her new home, and so, to all her other duties, she added the training of a maid.

Hilda had made the house beautifully clean, even Barker said so, but Mrs. Bufkins did not suppose she knew much about cooking, and thought she would begin by teaching her how to make apple-pie, for this was Lily's favorite dessert.

She had just collected all the materials on a table in the kitchen when the door-bell rang and she had to answer it. Hurrying back, as soon as she could, she was pleasantly surprised to see the apples cut, and Hilda at work on the crust.

It was rich, flaky crust, too, and the pie, when it came from the oven, was just the right brown and fairly bursting with juicy sweetness.

Mrs. Bufkins smiled in relief, but there was trouble ahead, for Prowler observed at dinner-time that Hilda made better pies than Barker could.



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HILDA MADE DELICIOUS PIES.

LV

KITTY CUTE'S GIFT

A Cake for Lily

KITTY CUTE'S GIFT

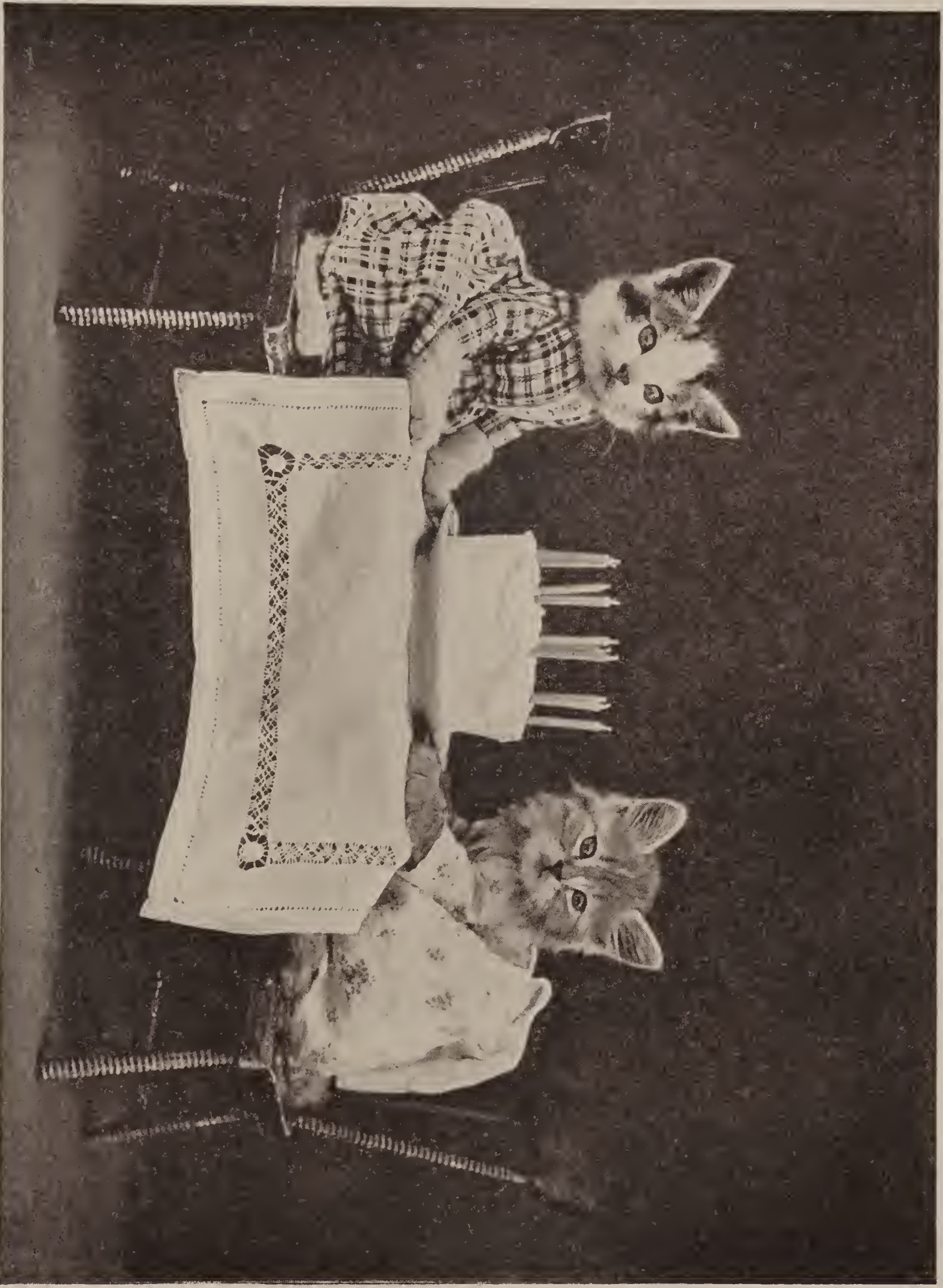
LILY BUFKINS heard that her intimate friends were going to give her a linen-shower, so she and her mother planned a little tea for the afternoon that they thought they would come.

They could not do very much, for they knew that Lily's chums were trying to have the affair a complete surprise and, of course, they did not want things to look as if they knew anything about it.

The party was a great success and made Lily happier than anything else that was done for her. The Tabby sisters came first, and spread over the tea-table a beautiful lunch-cloth that they had embroidered.

Then Kitty Cute appeared with a cake, hidden under white icing, and everybody asked whose birthday it was, for there were candles on it.

Kitty tearfully explained that she had started it for a bride cake, but she could not bear to be reminded that Lily was going out of their little circle, so she had to put the candles on, and pretend it was only for somebody's birthday.



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A CAKE FOR LILY.

LVI

WEDDING GIFTS

The Guests Admired the Presents

WEDDING GIFTS

GUESTS from every part of Animal Land began to arrive in town several days before Lily's wedding, and none came empty-handed.

Neighbors said it seemed as if the parcel-post automobile stood in front of the Bufkins' gate all the time, and it is a fact that the express company had to put on another delivery wagon.

Some of the more valuable gifts could only be trusted to special messengers, and Mrs. Bufkins' friends advised her to have a plain-clothes man in the house. She became quite angry at this suggestion and declared that all her friends were above suspicion, but finally she consented to display the presents in an up-stairs room.

On a table covered with a white cloth, the tokens that were a tribute to Lily Bufkins' grace and charm, dazzled the eyes of all who came to admire them.

Some of the best-known guests stood behind the silver service that was the gift of the Stripes family, and a flash-light was taken. They thought this picture would give Lily much pleasure in years to come.



Copyright by Frances.

THE GUESTS ADMIRING THE PRESENTS.

LVII

MAKING READY

Lily Dressing for the Great Event

LVII

MAKING READY

WHEN Lily Bufkins awoke on the morning of her wedding, the strip of blue sky that she could see between the parted curtains, promised a perfect day.

Down-stairs Mrs. Bufkins bustled from one room to another giving directions to the florist and the caterer. The Bufkins children felt proud and important, for Prowler was to be a page, Purra a flower-girl, and little Rosie was going to unwind the satin ribbon.

Kitty Cute was coming to help Lily dress for the great event, but the little bride stole away early to look over a chest full of treasures that she was not going to take away. Her face grew wistful, and she was beginning to feel as if she were ready to cry, when she heard just the faintest rustle and the scampering of tiny feet in the closet. She forgot all about the time and place, as she made a rapid search, and located the intruder.

She was looking so happy when Kitty Cute came in that there was no doubt her wedding-dress would be becoming.



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LILY DRESSING FOR THE GREAT EVENT.

LVIII

A MISHAP ON THE ROAD

Out of Gasoline

LVIII

A MISHAP ON THE ROAD

THREE invited guests from one of the villages in Animal Land, thought the day was so fine that they would motor to Pussyway Lane.

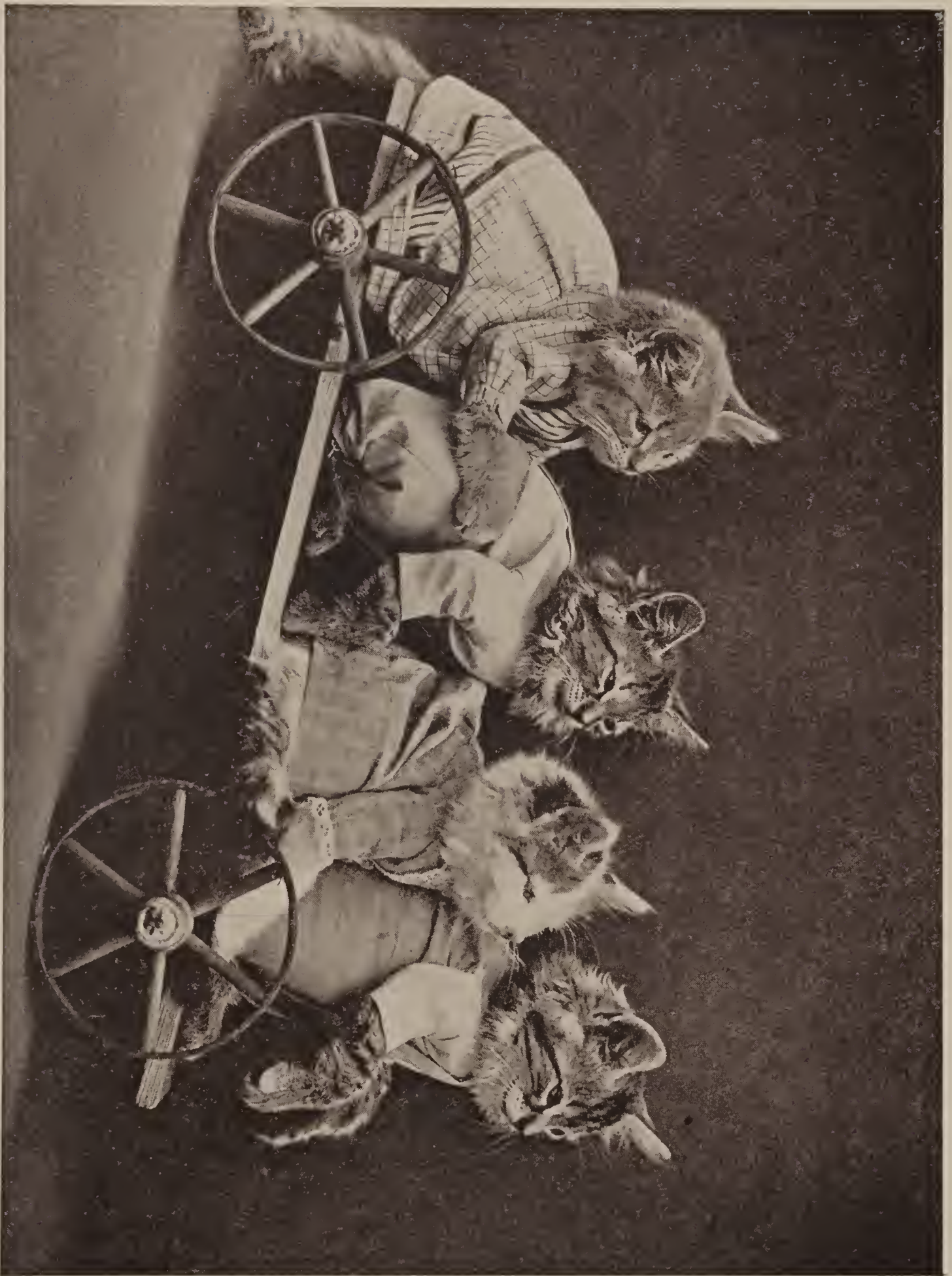
As high noon was the hour of the ceremony, they decided that they ought to have time to spare if they started at nine o'clock.

The road was smooth and hard, and the day before a little shower had laid the dust, so they enjoyed the ride and made record time, until they were within a mile and a half of their destination.

Then their car stopped, and the chauffeur's efforts to start it again were in vain. The passengers said that if it would be of the slightest use they would all crawl underneath to look for trouble.

It did not mend matters any when they found that they were simply out of gasoline. It was quite out of the question for the ladies to think of walking the distance in their elegant gowns, so it was with much eagerness that they watched a horse approaching up the road.

No matter to what the animal was hitched, so long as the wheels went round.



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OUT OF GASOLINE.

LIX

A FRIEND IN NEED

Prancer had a Heavy Load

A FRIEND IN NEED

THE owner of the pony-cart that the delayed guests welcomed with so much relief, proved to be Adam Fourpaw's friend, Mr. Hunter, who had offered to go after Reverend Peter Goodface.

Mr. Hunter was very jolly, and showed his strong, white teeth when he laughed. He said that he was more than willing to come to the rescue; that he would make sure that Lily's friends arrived in time for the ceremony, by driving them to the Bufkins cottage, first, and going back for the minister, afterwards.

The three passengers climbed into the cart, but there was not much room left for Mr. Hunter, and, as he was quite heavy, he decided to lead Prancer up the hill, at least, for the pony was not used to such a heavy load.

The guests were not exactly comfortable, but they balanced themselves quite skilfully after a little, and in much less time than it would have taken them to walk they arrived in Pussyway Lane.

Mr. Hunter, glad to be on the driver's seat again, turned Prancer around, and drove quickly out of sight.

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PRANCER HAD A HEAVY LOAD.



LX

WEDDING BELLS

Lily Bufkins Became Mrs. Stripes

LX

WEDDING BELLS

ALL those who were lucky enough to receive invitations to the Bufkins home on the day when Lily became Mrs. Stripes, remembered the occasion as something very wonderful.

Lily standing under the wedding bell, was one of the loveliest brides the sun ever shone upon. She was gowned in flowered silk, and the veil that framed her blonde beauty, was an heirloom.

Archie Stripes was disappointed in his sack-coat. He had been to a new tailor, who had finished the garment with one side of the front longer than the other, and added some buttons that Archie thought too large and too showy.

But this really did not matter, for nobody paid much attention to the bridegroom. It was Lily's day.

Mr. and Mrs. Stripes departed with the good wishes of many friends, who remained behind to tell Mrs. Bufkins what a very successful mother she had been.

Everybody agreed that Lily's wedding marked the end of a joyous year for the dear little folks of Animal Land.



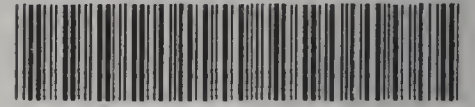
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LILY BUCKINS BECOMES MRS. STRIPES.





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